

The Daily Freeman.

EVENING EDITION.

The Freeman.
With his hand upon his charter,
And his foot upon the sod,
He will stand—ordie a martyr
For his Freedom and his God.

C. W. WILLARD, Editor.

J. W. WHELOCK, Printer.

MONTPELIER, VT.

THURSDAY DEC 26, 1861.

HAVING CHOSEN OUR CAUSE WITHOUT GUILT
AND WITH PURE MOTIVES, LET US RENEW OUR
TRUST IN GOD AND GO FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR
AND WITH MANLY HEARTS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A DAILY FREEMAN

Will be published at this office until further notice. Two editions will be issued, one to be ready for the mail West, and the stages that leave Montpelier in the afternoon, the other in the morning in season for the morning mails. Each edition will contain the latest telegraphic news to the time of going to press.

The Terms will be,

\$4.00 per year, or \$1.00 for three months, to mail subscribers and those taking the paper from the office.

\$5.00 per year, or \$1.25 for three months, to village subscribers—paper delivered at their houses or places of business.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms. Orders are solicited.

C. W. WILLARD.

The Trent Affair.

The latest version of the position of this country on the Mason and Slidell affair, is that two weeks ago or more, and before the English storm burst upon us, Mr. Seward sent instructions to Mr. Adams, our minister at the Court of St. James, stating the position of our Government in this matter; and also stating that Capt. Wilkes acted entirely on his own authority. Those who accept this version attribute the delay in any communication between Lord Lyons and Secretary Seward to a desire on the part of both to wait for the English Government to be informed, through Mr. Adams, of Secretary Seward's views, in the expectation that they would have a tendency to essentially mollify the belligerent feelings of England towards us, and possibly lead to more peaceful instructions to Lord Lyons. The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent positively asserts that, up to Christmas Eve, no official consideration of the question had been had between Lord Lyons and Secretary Seward, but that their meetings had only been formal and friendly.

The death of Prince Albert, it was thought at Washington, might have an important and favorable effect upon English feeling. It was considered probable that, in the delicate state of the Queen's health, with her hereditary tendency to insanity, the blow might be so severe as to lead to her abdication, and a resignation of the Ministry, and a new and more peaceful policy in the Government. These speculations are given for what they are worth. Some of them may be verified by the facts, but many of them will not be. In the meantime the apparent equanimity of the Government at Washington does a great deal toward allaying apprehensions of immediate war.

NATIONAL UNION READING-ROOM.—We are glad to notice the establishment of a National Union Reading-Room in Baltimore, supplied with papers and periodicals mainly by the gratuitous contribution of the publishers. It is intended to furnish reading to soldiers on their transit through, or stay in that city, which is certainly a valuable and praiseworthy object. It is in charge of efficient and capable gentlemen.

STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society recently held at Brandon, the following persons were chosen officers for the ensuing year:

For President, Hon. W. C. Kittredge, of Fair Haven. Vice Presidents, Dr. E. D. Warner, of New Haven, Rev. H. P. Cushing, of St. Johnsbury, and John W. Smith, Esq., of Chelsea. Executive Com., John Howe, Jr., of Brandon, Rev. W. W. Atwater, of Rutland, James Barrett, of Rutland, Wm. A. Burnett, of Rutland, Dr. L. Sheldon, of Rutland, Wm. H. Closson, of Springfield, and Rev. W. S. Balch, of Ludlow.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE TRENT AFFAIR.—We assign very little importance to the current rumors respecting the exciting topic of the day, but the following, from an editorial in the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, seems entitled to some notice on the score of its source:

"We knew that within a few hours of the fact of the arrest of Mason and Slidell being made known to the President, he entertained and expressed the opinion that the prisoners must be given up; and few men could bring to the examination of the subject a clearer head, a purer patriotism, and a keener sense of what is right in the premises, than President Lincoln."

The same difficulty probably presented itself to his mind that has been raised by the law officers of the English Crown, viz: that it was Capt. Wilkes' duty to fulfill the whole law, and not to elect which part of it he would obey and what part disobey, however much he might shrink from the suspicions and the allegations which might in consequence be directed against him."

The Playmate.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing Spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who led her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May.
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morn,
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the Spring
And reap the Autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year,
Her Summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There happily with her jeweled hands
She smooths her silken gown,
No more the homely lap wherein
I shook the waifs and down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Folly mill.

The lilacs blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems—
If ever the pines of Ramoth Wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who led her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in Spring the vernal sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

—Atlantic Monthly.

The Present Appearance of the White House.

[From a Washington Letter.]

The President's house once more assumes the appearance of comfort and comparative beauty. Two coats of pure white paint on the outside renew its right to be designated the "White House." The interior, during the last six months, has been thoroughly cleaned and almost entirely re-ornamented. Very little new furniture has been introduced, as much of the old is substantial, having been procured in the time of Monroe, and is not only valuable on that account, but is really very handsome from its antique style. Much of this old furniture, however, has been re-varnished, and the chairs have been cushioned and covered with rich crimson satin brocade, tufted and laid in folds on the backs, rendering a modern appearance. Upon entering the great East room two prominent things strike the eye—the paper on the walls and the carpet on the floor. The first is a Parisian style of heavy velvet cloth paper, of crimson, garnet and gold. It gives a massive appearance to the room, and is quite rich. In the daytime it seems rather dark; but when the soft light of the great chandeliers illumines the room it develops its full richness and harmonizes to a shade. The carpet is an ingenious piece of work, not because of its rich quality or exquisite design, but because of the fact that it is in one piece, and covers a floor measuring one hundred feet long and forty-eight feet wide. There is nothing flashy or extravagant about its appearance. The admiration of the beholder is not suddenly excited by a view of the whole surface, so ingeniously and beautifully are the various figures and colors harmonized. It is like a constellation of stars, where the beauty of one star is lost in the combined grandeur of the whole. It is a very heavy Axminster, with three medallions gracefully arranged into one grand medallion. As we walked over its velvet surface from centre to sides, or from corner to corner, the most chaste and beautiful surprises of vases, wreaths and bouquets of flowers and fruit pieces excite our love of true art. The carpet, in its mechanical construction, as well as in its artistic design, is a wonder. It was made in Glasgow, Scotland, upon the only loom existing in the world capable of weaving one so large. Mr. W. H. Carryl, of Philadelphia, went to Europe, and, after examining various patterns in different cities, including Paris and London, proceeded to Glasgow and designed this. His mission was a success.

The next attractive features among the ornamental, in the east room, are the curtains and drapery at the eight windows. The inner curtains are of the richest white needle-wrought lace, made in Switzerland. Over these, and suspended from massive gold gilt cornices are French crimson brocade, trimmed with heavy gold fringe and tassels work. The embrace, or curtain pin, at the side of each window, is of solid brass and covered in gold gilt. The design is a commingling of arrows, swords, an anchor, chain, &c., interwoven behind the American shield, upon the front of which is a raised figure of an eagle. Opposite the great east window of the room is the door leading to the promenade. In order to harmonize the interior appearance of the great east room, this door has been curtained with lace and crimson brocade, trimmed with gold fringe and tassels, to match the window opposite. The eight mirrors

in the east room are the same that have been there for years. Passing from the east room we enter the green or conversation room. It has been newly papered, carpeted and curtained, and greatly improved. Next is the blue, or President's reception room. This is the only room, when Mr. Buchanan left the house, that was very well furnished. A new carpet has been placed upon the floor; otherwise the room is in the same condition it was when Mr. Lincoln took possession.

Next we come to the Bed room. This is Mrs. Lincoln's reception room. Everything in it is now except the splendid old painting of Washington. The fine pictures of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and other members of the royal family, presented to the President of the United States for the Presidential mansion by the Prince of Wales, that hung upon the walls of this room, are missing. I learn that they were removed to Wheatland with Mr. Buchanan. He also took away from the White House a large number of Chinese or Japanese curiosities, intended, upon presentation, for the mansion. All these are missing. Nevertheless, under the direction of Mrs. Lincoln, (to whose excellent good taste we are chiefly indebted for the beautifying of the President's house,) this room does not need the pictures. It is a model of elegance and modesty combined. The most perfect harmony prevails throughout. The sofas, chairs, &c., are covered with rich crimson brocade satin. The guest's room, now known as the Prince of Wales' room, since that youth occupied it, has been thoroughly ornamented and refurnished. The carpet is a beautiful Wilton. The paper is a light tinted purple, with a golden figure of a moss rose tree in bloom. The principal feature of the room is the bed. It is eight feet wide and nine feet long, of solid rosewood. The sides are cushioned and covered with purple figured satin. The head board is a piece of rich carved work, rising eight feet above the bed, and having an oval top. Twenty feet above the floor, over-spreading the whole, is a magnificent canopy, from the upper carved work, of which the drapery hangs in elegant folds, being in the form of a crown, the front ornament upon which is the American shield, with the Stars and Stripes carved thereon. The drapery is a rich purple satin fringe, and otherwise ornamented with the finest gold lace. The carved work is adorned with gold gilt. The curtains to the room are made of the finest purple satin damask, and trimmed to correspond with the canopy. The centre table is of solid carved rosewood, is quite costly and exceedingly beautiful.

The private apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln are more modestly but very beautifully ornamented and furnished. The President's library is chaste and not extravagantly refurnished. Green is the color that predominates in this room. The room where the cabinet meetings are held, and where the President is usually to be found, is very neatly prepared, but should be better furnished. All the furniture is exceedingly old, and is too rickety to venerate. Mr. Lincoln don't complain, because it resembles so very much the dingy old room he occupied and familiarized himself with in the state house at Springfield, from the time he was elected until he left for Washington. The rooms of Secretaries Nicolay and Hay are "neat, but not gaudy." They are newly painted, carpeted and curtained. The principal ornament in Mr. Nicolay's room is a war weapon used by the Vikings. It is about five feet long, with at least fifty prongs, and resembles very much the weapon used by the aborigines of this country before it was much settled by the whites. This instrument of death is a great curiosity, and employs the time of the office seekers who wait for hours in the lobbies of the Cabinet to obtain a hearing. This weapon is finally to be transferred to the Smithsonian Institute.

Mr. Hay's room contains some valuable parchment and several elegant pieces of waxwork. The bas-reliefs on the mantle, and the engravings on the wall, exhibit a taste for the beautiful and artistic. There is also an extensive law library in this room, which the secretary has frequent occasion to explore, especially with reference to our international affairs. So much for the White House and its new decorations.

Prince Albert.

Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, whose death is just announced, was born at Rosenau, on the 26th of August, 1819. He was the second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxo Coburg Gotha, under whose immediate personal superintendence he received an admirable education, which he completed by attending the University of Bonn, during three academical sessions. In July, 1838, he visited England, in company with Leopold King of Belgium, and spent some time at the court of the youthful queen, and in Nov., 1839, it was formally announced to the privy council, by the queen, that she intended to form a matrimonial alliance with Prince Albert. The secret had long been public property, but was kept in response by the decorous contradictions of the ministerial journals. The marriage was solemnized Feb. 10, 1840. For the purpose of rendering him perfectly independent, the munificent personal allowance of \$150,000 a year was made to him by Parliament. Beside which, he was a field-marshal, knight of the Garter, and other orders, Colonel of the Fusilier Guards, and held a number of other lucrative or honorary appointments. He was a man of refined taste, and an accomplished musician and draughtsman. Forbidden by his position to interfere in politics, he occupied himself with superintending the education of his children. The progress of the arts and sciences, and general philanthropic subjects, such as the "dwellings of the working classes," sanitary arrangements, &c., also engaged his attention. He was patron and president of numerous charitable institutions, in which he took a personal interest. As President of the Society of Arts, he was the chief promoter of the great exhibition of 1851. Similar exhibitions, confined to native productions, had been long held in Paris, Brussels, and even in Manchester, and other towns of England. But when the idea of holding one in London was suggested to Prince Albert, he readily adopted it and zealously co-operated in the scheme of extending it to the whole world. The popularity which, for a long time, he had enjoyed with all classes, was for a brief space overclouded, in 1855, when rumors were current among the opponents of Government, that the Prince took an undue interest in political affairs, and even held communications with some German courts, which were prejudicial to English interests, so that the ministers thought it necessary to clear up all doubts, by

an explicit denial of the report from their place in Parliament. He was noted, in a country of scientific agriculturists, for the spirit in which he carried out agricultural experiments, and his farming stock has been frequently exhibited, and gained prizes. As a patron of art, Prince Albert has shown himself particularly active.—*Tribune*.

From the Christian Messenger.

The Great Question.

The present is an eventful period in our national history. In the experience of individuals there is evidently some decisive period that has more than ordinary influence upon their destiny, and upon the decisions of an hour may hang the destinies of eternity. These decisive and emphatic periods come in the course of national existence—and the fate of empires are apparently balanced upon the point of the sword. As one has appropriately said in reference to the great conflict upon the field of Waterloo, that there the destinies of Europe hung trembling in the balance.—

It may be said in reference to our national struggle that the contending interests of slavery and freedom are poised upon the present conflict. Many appear to overlook the vast magnitude of the question involved in this struggle. This 'irrepressible conflict' cannot be confined to the mere right or expediency of the enslavement of the African race. We have already learned that it is impossible to limit slavery to the mere color of the skin. The principle involved in the right to make man a slave—involves the inalienable rights of humanity, and subjugates to its debasing influences the white and the black. In every age of our sinful world, some form of oppression has existed to gal the limbs of its manacled victims. It has been the struggle of ages to surmount these barriers to human happiness and progress.

The question before the nation to-day is: "Which shall prevail, the idea and fact of freedom or the idea and fact of slavery?—Freedom exclusive and universal, or slavery exclusive and universal? The question is not merely, Shall the African be bond or free? but, Shall America be a democracy or a despotism? A measure is nothing without its principle. The idea which allows slavery in South Carolina will establish it also in New England. The principle which recognizes slavery in the Constitution of the United States would make all America a despotism; while the principle which made John Quincy Adams a free man would extirpate slavery from Louisiana and Texas. It is plain that America cannot long hold these two contradictions in the national consciousness. Equilibrium must come.

It is appalling to contemplate what must be the painful results if the slave power should triumph in our country. We should be obliged then to submit to the worst forms of despotism. It involves, of course, the destructive revolution of all our liberal institutions state as well as national. Democracy must go down; the free press go down; the free Church go down; the free school go down.—There must be an industrial despotism, which will soon become a military despotism. Popular legislation must end; the Federal Congress will be a club of officials, like Nero's senate. The state legislature will be a knot of commissioners, tide-waiters, post-masters, district attorneys, deputy marshals. The town-meeting will be a gang of government officers, like the "Marshal's Guard," revolvers in their pockets, soldiers at their back.—The Habeas Corpus will be at an end, trial by jury never heard of, and open courts as uncommon in America as in Spain or Rome.

It must crush to a great extent the hopeful aspirations of humanity and foster ignorance among the masses, and hateful arrogance and pride among a bloated and oppressive aristocracy. Such a night of despotism as must follow would not only darken our own land, but it must throw its gloomy shadows over the world, obscuring the light of hope and giving a fiendish triumph to the enemies of human progress.

If, on the other hand, the Government triumphs and this rebellion is suppressed, and our national banner floats again over the seceding States, it must inevitably be the death blow of slavery in America. It is true we do not wage this war to liberate the slaves, but the rebellious influence of slavery has forced it upon us. We have been obliged to take arms in self defence. This we must do, or submit in slavish plight to the behests of the Southern oligarchy. As slavery has urged on this rebellion and has given it all its vitality, if the rebellion is crushed slavery must be shorn of its strength. The conduct of the rebels in their present attitude of hostility, shows that in their view slavery cannot exist under our present form of government.

If the principle of slavery rule the country what must become of the freedom which we claim so fondly to cherish? If the principles of Freedom triumph what must become of slavery? The existence of slavery in our country has been a fruitful source of national trouble, and has existed on sufferance, with the anticipation that the time would ultimately come for its peaceful abolition. But the struggle is now upon us which must decide its destiny.

If in the end the nation shakes off this incubus to peace and prosperity, we may hope for a glorious future. One portion of the country would then be no longer arrayed against the other. Our conduct would not be constantly contradicting our principles, and we should not be sternly denying to others the dearest rights we claim for ourselves.—The world could then believe in the sincerity of our claimed republican principles. A dark stain would be wiped from our national character, and we might then set an example, by a republican form of government, that would be worthy of the imitation of the friends of democratic institutions in other portions of the world. We should then be free from one of the corrupting and disturbing elements that has so long affected the peace and purity of the Church, and enable us, while we seek to save the heathen abroad, to do something to relieve the darkness and ignorance of those at home.

Alone with the Dying.

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of fiction a more affecting incident than is contained in the following extract from a letter written by a British seaman to his wife. It was his first service as a soldier, he having been sent on shore with a boat's crew of marines to silence a fort and take some guns:

"We gispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach to keep the coast clear while the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had advantage of the wood, and knowing the country well; and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim and fired at my man, at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone.

"At the same time a broadside from the — went in among the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarcely tell how I felt as though I must go up to him and see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It is a strange feeling to come over you all at once, that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of the chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth, every breath he took. His face was as white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me, I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and-twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full as though my heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy.

"What I felt, I can never tell; but if my life could have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he went to speak the blood poured out; so I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I could not help it. His eyes were closed, when a gun was fired from the — to order aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach where the boat was just pushing off with the guns which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the woods where the enemy was concealed. Poor fellow! he little thought how I shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die, and no one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh, he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time. I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and Russians, and the rest of them, but all that seemed so far off and the dead man so near."

Scenes like this are destined, we fear, to be too common in our hitherto happy land.

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth." We would have thought a few years since that the little isolated sugar pills was to play so conspicuous a part in the great drama of life, but such it is, and to it the actors of the drama are looking for a continuance of the vitality that will enable him to act.

Homoeopathy has now grown to such proportions that it overshadows all other systems of medical practice, and since the introduction of Doct. Gifford's Homoeopathic Curative as a family medicine which, by its simplicity of arrangement, saving, money, and curative properties, has won the hearts of all. A complete assortment of all the medicines sold by

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Manual furnished free on application. dkw1w

Notice.

THE undersigned would give notice that the March business will be continued and conducted by himself as agent, at the old stand at Northfield.

Northfield, Dec. 7, 1861. dkw1w E. W. HOWE.